

WHAT AN ANGEL IS LIKE.

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
 Asked the boy in a wondering tone.
 "How will they look if they come here,
 Watching me while I'm all alone?"
 Half with shrinking and fear spoke he,
 Answered the mother tenderly.
 "Prettiest faces ever were known,
 Kindest voices and sweetest eyes,"
 Robin, waiting for nothing more,
 Cried, with a look of pleased surprise,
 Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
 "I know, mamma, they're just like you!"

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

"Good morning, Dolly. Did you sleep well?" Patty climbed down from her little bed, and peeped out of the window. "Dear me," she said, "I guess this will be a good day for sunshine."

I suppose that you think from this that the sun was shining and the birds singing, but you are wrong. The sky was covered with dark clouds, and the rain was pouring. Not a bird could be heard, and the flowers were hanging down their heads. What did Patty mean by it being a good day for sunshine?

Last night her grandma had said to her: "There is no sunshine so bright as that in a cheery little face. One little child can fill the whole house with sunshine on the darkest day."

"I'm going to try to-day," said Patty. After she was all dressed, and had said her prayers, she went downstairs. She had a sweet smile for every one, and tried all day to be kind and loving.

That night her grandma said: "God is very good to give us such a dear little sunshine."

I have read of another little girl who said that the time to be the pleasantest and kindest was when her mamma seemed a little worried, for that was the time when she had most to vex and trouble her.

Will you be so kind and cheerful every day that your papa and mamma can thank God for giving them so much sunshine, and will you not help make sunshine in homes of other people who have more cloudy days than bright ones?

HOW HE PROVED WHO HE WAS.

A father wished to send his twelve-year-old boy to a distant city for some valuable papers. The man who had the papers had never seen the boy, but the father planned to send a letter by him to prove that he was his son. The boy forgot the letter, and when he reached his journey's end the lawyer would not believe that he was the man's son.

The boy said: "I have my father's picture in my pocket."

"That is of no account," said the man, "any one could bring that."

Then the boy remembered that his father often amused his friends by tying certain kinds of knots that none of them could untie. So he asked: "Have you one of my father's famous knots?"

"O yes," said the lawyer, handing him one. "Untie that, and we will believe you."

The boy quickly took the hard knot apart, and so proved who he was.

This is a little like the way that Jesus proved that he was truly the Son of God. He did what only God can do. When the people saw the helpless man go away well and strong, they knew, and so do we know, that Jesus, who had made him so, must be



QUEEN VICTORIA.

God. We know, too, that it is safe to trust Jesus, and to believe that he can forgive our sins, as he forgave that sick man's sins. But we must do as the sick man and his friends did: believe in Jesus, and go to him.

THE WRONG WAY.

The Rev. Mr. French, a missionary in India, tells the following incident which he saw in a heathen temple:

A little boy about ten years of age, accompanied by two smaller girls, came to pay their devotions.

The little boy first washed the idol with water, and then put a little red paint on its forehead, shoulders, and breast. This being done he took from the little girls some small flowers, which he laid in various places on the idol; and to crown all, he placed a string of flowers over its head.

Having finished this part of the ceremony, the three pitiable little creatures commenced bowing to the senseless idol,

which they had thus early been taught to regard as their god.

Heathen parents take their children when very young to the idol temple and teach them to wash and paint the idol, and to bow and kneel and perform other ceremonies which are required in the worship of the god. Why do they train their children in these things? Because they believe that by doing such things they will be saved. They have not learned that to be saved one has only to believe in Jesus as his Saviour, and obey him, and that we cannot be saved in any other way.

A VEXED QUESTION.

BY ELLA JOHNSON KERR.

I went in the school-room, one morning;
 My two little girls were there,
 And over their atlas bending,
 Each with a puzzled air.

Mary glanced up as I entered,
 And said, with an anxious look:
 "Mamma, perhaps you can help us.
 It says here in this book,

"That we bought Louisiana
 From the French. Now that seems queer
 For Nellie and I don't understand
 How they could send it here.

"Whoever brought the land over
 Must have taken so many trips.
 Nell says they put it in baskets;
 But I think it must have been ships."

FORGIVENESS.

One day a minister found a young man who was leading a sinful life, and was feeling very unhappy. He had left his home some months before, and every day was getting deeper into sin. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "if only I were at home once more. But my father will not receive me; he cannot love me now; he will never forgive me; I have lost his love forever."

The minister said kindly, "Have you ever tried him?" "No, I dare not." "Does your father know where you are now?" "No; I have not written to him since I left home." "Then I will write for you." "It is of no use, sir," said the young man. "Well, we can try," replied the minister.

The letter was soon written, and prayed over. By return mail came an answer, and this is what it said, "Indeed, I am ready to forgive my wandering son. My heart has ached to know where I could find him, and I have earnestly prayed that he might be willing to return. Let him come back at once. I will forgive him all freely, and love him still."

So we see that the father was always ready to forgive his boy, even when the boy was not willing to seek forgiveness. So God is always ready to forgive us.

When we say truly, "I have sinned, and want to be forgiven," we are sure to find him ready to receive, to welcome, and to pardon us.